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DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, H LINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

..... After they had sung, the soldier who was now leading their devotions said, 'Comrades, please to sit down, and I will furnish you with some particulars that may be profitable to us all, respecting the two last lines, we have just been singing. Some of you have heard me say, that during the last war, I belonged to a foot regiment, in which there were a few Christian soldiers, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and were not a hamed to confess him before men. William, my beloved friend, was one of that number.' (The soldier wept.) 'Excuse me, comrades, you know it is no disgrace to a British soldier to shed a tear over the memory of a loyal, converted, and faithful comrade. Oh! his memory is dear to me, for he was a friend indeed, and such a friend as I hope to meet in the world of glory. Our regiment was in barracks at Portsmouth and other noted places, and we met as regularly as we could for prayer and praise, and as William generally conducted the meetings, he would often close the service with holy joy and rapture, singing

Then we'll march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

When Lord Wellington took the command of the British army in the Peninsula, our regiment was ordered to embark in transports for Lisbon in Portugal. We had many blessed meetings on board, amidst all the scoffs and sneers of swearing sailors, who wondered to behold privates in a depraved regiment, come out from among their poor thoughtless comrades, and worship God as we did, I trust, in the beauty of holiness. After a few storms in running over the Atlantic, we disembarked at Lisbon, and were ordered to Belem Tower. Here we had many opportunities inth at superstitious dark country of proving that Jesus Christ is in every place, and is specially present with any two or three soldiers, as well as other sinners, who are gathered in his name, to strengthen each other's faith and hope, and joy in believing.—Other regiments arrived also, and as we had a prospect of marching up the country, if we could force the enemy out of Portugal, we were the more earnest in our prayers that God would have mercy upon all the officers and soldiers in the British army, and graciously prepare every man for the events of his providence, through which we might be called to pass in 'the tented field,' or the murderous 'trenches' of a besieged city, or on the 'ramparts of a conquered town. We have often stolen away to a retired spot, near Belem Tower, and William would cheer us all up, by saying, 'Fear not, comrades, whether we live or die, in camps or hospitals, or on the field of blood itself, we'll sing with joy,' and here he repeated his favorite lines.

But not to detain you too long, I should say that we marched through Portugal and Spain over the very bodies of our comrades, driving the enemy before us, and notwithstanding all the drunkenness, blasphemy, and licentiousness, so common in the army, God was pleased to succeed us in almost every battle. Many a day, after a long and harassing and fatiguing march when we halted in the evenings, and fainting with hunger, as the commissariat came up, and bread and meat were served out as our rations, we hastily prepared for refreshment with the campkettle, and then at ten o'clock, withdrew to the banks of some river in Spain, and by the light of the moon held our prayer meetings, and praised God we were yet alive, and kept together in the ranks of faith by his Almighty power and grace. William would often address us at the close of the meeting, saying, 'Ah! comrades, we shall soon have done with marching and counter-marching, with fatigue-parties, and trenches, with fields and camps, and blood and slaughter, and then oh! then, to depart and be with Christ. Oh! comrades, look up, for your redemption draweth nigh.'

'At length we were hurried, pell-mell, into the battle of Barossa. It was a day of blood, indeed, that will long be remembered by every survivor. At the close of the sanguinary conflict, our company had advanced at some short distance from the field of battle; and when the word was given to halt, a soldier ran up to inform me that my cousin was badly wounded, and bleeding on the field. I asked permission of our captain to fall back, and get my cousin into some hospital wagon to save his life; and as I was threading my way between dead horses and dead and dying soldiers, a dragoon galloped past me, who knew our praying company, and he called out aloud to me on the field of battle, as he sprang over the dead corpses, 'Briery, there's your comrade William dying by the side of that dead horse,' pointing with the sword to the spot! I instantly hastened thither, and found him lying on his back, with his right hand upon his left breast, and the paleness of death overspread all his anguished features.

'I eagerly grasped his left hand, and called out, 'William, William, comrade, William.' He opened his dying eyes, and looked upon me, and exclaimed faintly at first, 'Ah! comrade, is that you; how could you have found me out in this slaughter-house of groans and blood; you have only just come in time.' I grasped his hand with affection, as a pious friend and brother in the Lord; and as the tears rolled copiously down my cheeks, (for even war, you know, with all its horrors, cannot destroy a soldier's best feelings of humanity and tenderness to a beloved Christian friend in the agonies of death,) I said, 'Where are you wounded, William?' He rolled his eyes in anguish, and replied, 'Oh, I've a musket ball through my left breast, and I feel it will not be long before my soul will leave this agonized frame; life is ebbing fast, and stingless death, through Christ my Lord, is coming upon me.' 'Are you in much pain, William?' He pressed his hand to his breast, and cried out with bitter anguish, 'Oh! comrade, the pains of my body are greater than I can possibly express.' I paused and wept over him; and waiting a moment until he should recover, as his breath became shorter, while the blood was oozing out of his wound, I said, 'William, how is it with your soul? Are you happy in the Lord? Is Christ now precious to you? We have fought in many battles, we have marched over many a waste-howling wilderness, we have encountered many enemies, we have held many blessed meetings in Spain; you often told us the Lord was with you, in camps, in trenches, on guard, or on the march: is Christ with you now, William? Is your soul comfortable in the enjoyment of his love, and the foretaste of heaven?' To my great surprise he made a mighty effort, and sprung up so as to occupy a sitting posture, partly leaning on my soulder, and taking his hand from the wound, while the blood squirted out upon a dead horse, he lifted up his hand to heaven, and cried out, 'Ah! comrade, the joys of my soul are greater than all the pains of my body; yes, indeed, he is precious, and I now prove that having loved his own, he loved them to the very end. Farewell, comrade, I am now indeed going to be with Jesus!' and then waving his hand, and gazing around him, he cried out with a peculiar tone of voice that I shall never forget, while I held my hand to his wound, 'Farewell, marches and trenches! Farewell, fatigue-parties and midnight revellings of drunken comrades! Farewell, field of battle, and blood and slaughter! and farewell, sun and moon and stars and'—he paused, almost exhausted with his feelings, but, turning to me, he cried, 'Yes, farewell, beloved comrade in Christ Jesus! meet me in glory, for oh! in a few minutes more my soul must depart, and then, yes,

'Then I'll march up the heavenly street,
And ground my arms at Jesus feet.'

His head sunk upon my shoulder, and suddenly bugles sounded to call in stragglers from the field on some special duty. I was compelled hastily to run to our company and fall in for duty; but after firing a short time at some renewed attack, we grounded our arms: and in a little while a soldier of the field came up to me, saying, 'Briery, I dug a little pit, and have just put your comrade Wiliam into it. He was a good fellow: I could not bear to see him lie there without a grave.' Ah, comrades, I was immediately like David when he had lost his friend and brother in the war, and I cried out in his mournful language of deep sorrow, 'How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!' (2 Sam. i. 25—27.)

The soldier finished his simple and heart affecting tale, and we all kneeled down, while he poured out his soul before God for the army and the navy in particular, that sailors and soldiers might choose William's God, and enjoy William's triumphs, as they were infinitely greater on the field of death than ever the Duke of Wellington enjoyed in quitting that field for all the glory that could be conferred on him by his country. I never remember any thing told with more simplicity and ease, and command of utterance, Christian feeling, and humility, in my life, so that it left such an impression upon my soul, that I thought I was never more fit to die than at that moment; and, indeed, for many weeks afterwards I occasionally felt a sort of ardent momentary desire, with inexpressible delight, to die like William, taking leave of all earthly objects, and proclaiming the same langauge of triumph to friends and foes to family and kindred, in the prospect of full redemption through the mercy of God.—*London Friendly Visiter.*

[From the Sunday School Journal.]

THE BIBLE ILLUSTRATED FROM EGYPT.

The Dancing of the Daughter of Herodias. It is not usual, in Europe or America, to introduce an individual to dance, unless it be upon the stage. But see Matt. xiv. 6, 7: Mark. vi. 22, 23. Our opera dancers are quite outdone by the dancing girls of Egypt. In both there is an abandonment of all womanly shame, and it is probable that the dancing of the daughter of Herodias before Herod and his guests, was similar to the performances of the venal creatures mentioned by Dr. Lane, who are procured by the Mohammedan voluptuaries to exhibit at their entertainments. In 1834, Mohammed Ali, the pasha of Egypt, prohibited the public exhibition of these people; but before this they were as common as players on musical instruments among us. Their 'mode of dancing,' says our author, we find from the monuments here alluded to, most of which bear the names of kings which prove their age, to have been common in Egypt in very remote times, even before the exodus of the Israelites. It is probab'e, therefore, that it has continued without interruption; and perhaps the modern *Gha-wa-zee* are descended from the class of female dancers who amused the Egyptians in the times of the early Pharaoh.' 'From the effect which it produced, it is probable that the dance performed by the daughter of Herodias was of the kind here described.' (Vol. ii. pp. 102 3.)

Serpent-charmers.—These people are mentioned in the Union Dictionary under the article Asp, and in the following places in Scripture: 'They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.' (Ps. lviii. 4 5.) the serpent will bite.' (Ecc. x. 11.) And by Jeremiah: 'For behold, I will send serpents, and cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed, and they shall bite you, saith Jehovah.' (Jer. viii. 17.) This trade of serpent-charming is very ancient; and at an early date Africa was their chief theatre. They were called Psylli, and are frequently mentioned by Pliny in his Natural History. Thus he says serpents were frightened away by the mere smell of these Psylli. (Book viii. ch. 38.) He informs us that they came over into Italy to show their feats, and even brought scorpions with them. (Book xi. ch. 29.) They are still to be found exercising their mysterious craft all over Asia. But Egypt is probably still their principal abode. Here Bruce saw them, and here their performances were often observed by Mr. Lane. On this, as on every other subject, he appears to have spared no pains to get exact information. The result of his inquries may be thus summed up. 'I have met with many persons,' says he, 'among the more intelligent of the Egyptians, who condemn these modern Psylli as imposters, but none who has been able to offer a satisfactory explanation of the most common and most interesting of their performances.' The most famous snake-charmers are Durweeshes, or Mohammedan monks. 'The charmer professes to discover, without ocular perception, (but perhaps he does so by a peculiar smell,) whether there be any serpents in a house, and if there be, to attract them to him; as the fowler, by the fascinations of his voice, allures the bird into his net.' They have been known to do this in broad daylight, and when stripped naked. 'He assumes an air of mystery, strikes the walls with a short palm-stick, whistles, makes a clucking noise with his tongue, and spits upon the ground; and generally says, 'I adjure you by God, if ye be above, or if ye be below, that ye come forth: I adjure you by the great name, if ye be obedient, come forth, and if ye be disobedient, die! die! die!' The serpent is generally dislodged by his stick, from a fissure in the wall, or drops from the ceiling of the room.' It is suspected that sometimes a servant carries the reptile. The most expert of them do not carry venomous serpents until they have extracted its worst teeth. Many of them, like Pliny's Psylli, carry scorpions in their caps, next to their shaven crowns; perhaps the sting having been blunted. On the prophet's birthday, the Durweeshes perform some of their greatest wonders. Among others, they used to eat live serpents, but their present sheykh has put a stop to this in Cairo. During Mr. Lane's first visit it was often done. Whenever a devotee 'ate the flesh of a live serpent, he was, or affected to be, excited to do so by a kind of frenzy. He pressed very hard with the end of his thumb upon the reptile's back, as he grasped it, at a point about two inches from the head: and all that he ate of it was the head and the part between it and the point where his thumb pressed; of which he made three or four mouthfuls: the rest he threw away. Serpents, however, are not always handled with impunity even by Saadies. A few years ago, a Durweesh of this sect, who was called 'el-Feel, (or the Elephant,) from his bulky and muscular form, and great strength, and who was the most famous serpent-eater of his time, and almost of any age, having a desire to rear a serpent of a very venomous kind, which his boy had brought him among others that he had collected in the desert, put this reptile into a basket, and kept it for several days without food to weaken it. He then put his hand into the basket, to take it out, for the purpose of extracting its teeth, but it immediately bit his thumb. He called out for help. There were, however, none but women in the house; and they feared to come to him; so that many minutes elapsed before he could obtain assistance. His whole arm was then found to be swollen and black, and he died after a few hours.' (Vol. ii. pp. 106, 207.) Compare with this Jeremiah viii. 17, as above cited.

Hired Mourners at Funerals.—These were as common as empty mourning-coaches among us, and were probably as effectual symbols of grief as scarfs and weepers. Horace tells us that the hired mourners wailed more at burials than the bereaved relations. Loud lamentation was encouraged by the ancients, and is kept up by the Orientals. They use not only the voice, but various instruments. When good Josiah was no more, 'Jeremiah lamented for Josiah; and all the singing-men and the singing-women spake of Josiah in their lamentations.' But this prophet is more express, when, in his foresight of the destruction of Judah, he summons the mourners, and cries: 'Call for the mourning women, and send for the cunning women, and let them make haste, and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down in tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters: for a voice of wailing is heard out of Zion!' When the daughter of Jairus lay dead, our Lord 'Jesus saw the minstrels and the people making a noise:' and he speaks of what was common in all times of mourning, when he says to the Jews, 'We have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented.' (2 Chron. xxxv. 25: Jer. ix. 17: Matt. ix. 23: xi. 17.)

Mohammedism has only modified, not removed these customs. The Moslems begin to mourn before the breath is out of the body, while 'the women of the family raise the cries of lamentation called *wel'wel'eh* or *wilwal'*; uttering the most piercing shrieks, and calling upon the name of the deceased. The most common cries that are heard on the death of a master of a family, from the lips of his wife or wives and children are: 'O my master!' 'O my camel!' 'O my lion!' 'O camel of the house!' O my dear one!' O my only one!' O my father!' O my misfortune!'—The women continue their lamentations; and many of the females of the neighborhood, hearing the conclamation, come to unite with them in this melancholy task. Generally also the family send for two or more *neddabehr* (or public wailing women;) but some persons disapprove of the custom; and many, to avoid unnecessary expense, do not conform to it. 'They use a sort of tambourine in their mourning. If the corpse is not buried at once they keep up their wake all night. At the head of the funeral procession walk about six poor men, mostly blind, who chant passages from the Koran. Schoolboys precede the bier, also chanting. The hired mourners follow it, next to the relations, and celebrate the excellences of the deceased. It is remarkable that this very practice is forbidden in the Koran; but Mussulmans as well as Christians have their liberal interpretation of precepts.' (Vol. ii. p. 286.

Such are some of the facts which may be derived from these interesting volumes; but there are many more which do not admit of being so easily extracted; and therefore I commend to all who would be at once entertained and instructed, and especially to such as wish to be made familiar with all the minutiæ of Mohammedan every-day life. The wood-cuts of the book are more satisfactory than any which I have ever examined in a book of travels.

J. W. A.

[From the Hampshire Gazette.]

LETTER FROM A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Mr Editor,—The following letter discloses the feelings of an affectionate wife, in making her last effort to reclaim an intemperate husband. Despairing of his reform, she had once left him; and after a separation of five years, (during which time he had abandoned his cups,) she consented, though contrary to the wishes of her friends again to live with him. For two years he adhered to his solemn engagements and abstained from the use of intoxicating drinks. At the expiration of this period, he again yielded to temptation, and returned to his former habits. At this time the heart-stricken wife penned the following letter, and left it upon his table. The effect of it was to produce a thorough and lasting reformation. The insertion of it in your paper, may give it still further influence. It is as follows:—

———, —— —, 1835.

Dear Husband,—With a heart oppressed by disappointed hope, I am compelled to address you. In reviewing the past year, and calling to mind God's distinguished goodness to us, in giving us health, and all the blessings of this life, and especially, domestic peace and endearing friendship, I find that I have placed my fond heart with too much confidence on you.

Permit me to revert for a moment, to the time when we renewed our covenant vows. After a separation of five years, we were permitted to meet again in this world. God had seen fit in his unbounded goodness, to carry us through scenes of trial and danger, and again to permit us to behold our little family once more seated at our own happy fireside. You well remember the struggle I had about the time I consented to leave my father's house for your sake. Every friend I had, I forsook for you, and threw myself entirely on your mercy and protection. You had me in your power, to treat me as you pleased—to make me happy or miserable. For two years, my dear friend, you have shown to me and to the surrounding world that it was your privilege to make your family as happy as you had it in your power to do. You denied yourself every unreasonable gratification, and passed through every temptation, and, had gained, as I fondly hoped, a complete victory over yourself. To your children you have been a kind, tender, and affectionate father, and to your utmost, have endeavored to promote the comfort and happiness of your family. Surely my dear husband, you have given the world *reason* to call us 'the happy family.' By your kind treatment to me, you have bound up the heart, the sorrowing heart, you had previously well nigh broken. Whenever business called you from home, (as it did almost daily,) I was waiting calmly for your return, happy to meet you with a cheerful heart and a smiling countenance. I too fondly believed that you would prove faithful to me to the end of life. I believed your family was dearer to you, *far* dearer to you than all the vain pleasures you could find on earth. I had too fondly hoped that our home was the center of your enjoyments as well as mine. Our evenings were spent in cheerfulness—our nights in quietness. The hours of midnight did not witness as formerly the trembling heart, the departed rest of your companion, waiting in fearful suspense for the return of him who is so dear to us all.

And now, my dear companion, permit me seriously to inquire, whether those days are gone never to return? Do you intend to make me wretched, when it is in your power to make me happy? Oh! if you have no regard for me, shall I plead in vain for those innocent babes of whom you are the father? Must it be sadly felt and awfully realized, that these children are to behold their dear father, their earthly protector, *forsaking* them, and *joining* the company of drunkards? O, my heart sickens at the thought of beholding you one of their number! The sun which so recently shone with such brightness on our path, and cheered our hearts, and inspired our bosoms with hope, is veiled in sadness; and the clouds seem ready to burst upon us.

O, my God, if I have ever known thee in sincerity, in mercy remember me now, in this hour of conflict and deep sorrow. Give me, O my God, wisdom from on high, to discharge my duty aright to my dear family.

But is this stern enemy unconquerable? Has he entered our peaceful, happy dwelling, and robbed us of all we held dear on earth—and must he reign here, never to depart? If it must be so, then O my God, reconcile me to my unhappy fate, and prepare me to exchange worlds.

I feel like a criminal, condemned to die, and for the last time pleading for life. It is in your power to preserve that life or to destroy it. Yes, it is on you, my dear husband, that my future destiny for this world depends. And what is your decision?—Who is to gain the victory? Must your reigning thirst be obeyed at the expense of wretchedness and misery to yourself and family? If you say it *must*, then farewell to all hope and happiness on earth. But as long as God sees fit to spare my life, I will prove myself faithful and true to you. All that I can do to minister to your comfort these hands shall cheerfully perform. No thing shall be done, on my part, to hinder your enjoyment, in the path you desire to pursue. My sorrowing heart, I will strive to veil with apparent cheerfulness, and my duties to my family endeavor sacredly to discharge. And when I am called to surrender life, and to appear before my Maker, God grant that my dear family may all find a mansion in heaven—a happy home, where sin will never more disturb our quiet. This is the desire of her whose happiness you once promised, in the presence of God sacredly to regard. May you peruse these lines with kindness, and weigh well their import.

Your affectionate, but heart-stricken wife.

UNIVERSAL LAW OF BENEVOLENCE.

'Not for ourselves, but others'—is the grand law of nature inscribed by the hand of God on every part of creation. Not for itself, but others, does the sun dispense its beams; not for themselves but others, do the clouds distil their showers; not for herself, but others, do the trees and flowers diffuse their fragrance and display their various hues. So not for himself, but others are the blessings of heaven bestowed on man; and, whenever, instead of diffusing them around, he devotes them exclusively to his own gratification, and shuts himself up in the dark and flinty caverns of selfishness, he trangresses the great law of creation—he cuts himself off from the created universe and its author—he sacrilegiously converts to his own use, the favors which were given for the relief of others, and must be considered not only as an unprofitable, but as a fraudulent servant, who has done worse than wasted his lord's money. He, who thus lives only to himself, and consumes the bounty of heaven upon his lusts, or consecrates it to the demon of avarice, is a barren rock in a fertile plain, he is a thorny bramble in a fruitful vineyard, he is the grave of God's blessing, he is the very arabia deserta of the moral world.

And if he is highly exalted in wealth or power, he stands inaccessible and strong, like an insulated towering cliff, which exhibits a cold and cheerless prospect, intercepts the genial beams of the sun, chills the vale below with its gloomy shade, adds fresh keenness to freezing blasts and tempts down the lightnings of an angry heaven. How different this from the gentle rising hill, clothed to its summit with fruits and flowers, which attracts and receives the dews of heaven, and retaining only sufficient to supply its numerous offspring, sends the remainder in a thousand streams to bless the vales which are at its feet.—*Payson.*

BE HUMBLE.

'What,' said a pious friend once to a distinguished divine, 'what is the first of the christian graces?' 'Humility,' was the reply. 'What is the second?' 'Humility,' was again the answer. 'What is the third?' 'Humility.'

Now is it so? Is it indeed true that the religion of Jesus has for its beginning, middle and end, the meek and unobtrusive grace—humility? What saith the scripture? Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, he shall not enter therein. When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room, lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him; and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room. But when thou art bidden go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend go up higher; then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee. ☞For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

Christian reader, is humility the mark of discipleship? Inquire earnestly whether this mark be made upon yourself. It is a sad state of things when Christians do not possess that which is to distinguish them from the men of this world. And this is even possible,—for even Bunyan's Pilgrim, you know lost his roll. —*Watchtower.*

THE INFLUENCES OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

What a public blessing, what an instrument of exalted good, is a Christian mother! It would require a pen superior to mine to trace the merits of such a character. How many, perhaps, who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorns them; or may recollect, at this moment some saint in heaven that brought them into light to labor for their happiness, temporal and eternal. No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses in forming the hearts of her children, at a season when nature takes in lesson and example at every pore. Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour of her life becomes an hour of instructions, every feature of her conduct a transplanted virtue. Methinks I behold her encircled by her beloved charge, like a being more than human, on whom every mind is bent, and every eye directed; the eager simplicity of infancy inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion in adapted phrase and familiar story, the whole rule of their oral and religious duties simplified for easier infusion; the countenance of this fond and anxious parent all beaming with delight and love, and her eye raised occasionally to heaven in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work. Oh what a glorious part does such a woman act on the great theatre of humanity, and how much is the mortal to be pitied who is not struck with the image of such excellence! When I look to its consequence, direct and remote, I see the plant she has raised and cultivated spreading through the community with richest increase of fruit. I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of the human race. I can fancy generations yet unborn rising to prove and hail her worth, and I adore that God who can destine a single human creature to be the stem of such extended and incalculable benefit to the world.—*Dean Kirwan*

MR DELAVAN IN ITALY.

Letters from E. C. Delavan, Esq, to the Corresponding Secretary of the American Temperance Union.

Florence, Jan. 7, 1839.

My Dear Sir,—I received yesterday yours of Nov. 21st, by the Great Western. I reply hastily, trusting that my letter will reach Bristol in time to go by that noble ship. The information you communicate relative to the triumph of our principles in Massachusetts gives me great joy; I had but little doubt as to the result, as I felt confident the good people of Massachusetts were not given to abandon a good work after having undertaken it.

The influence of the legislature in Massachusetts and other states will have a most powerful bearing in Europe, if our new system works well, of which there is no question—the old world will in time accept it. I noticed in an English paper which I took up yesterday, that the British government granted two hundred and twenty-four thousand eight hundred and four licenses last year, to make and vend intoxicating drinks. *The queen is the patroness of the British and Foreign Temperance Society!* I think my last was from Genoa; since then I have visited Lucca, Pisa and Leghorn, and arrived here on the 1st. inst. The cultivation of the grape in Tuscany and parts of Sardinia differs materially from France; in the latter country, nearly the whole face of the country is covered, while here the vines are trained on trees planted around the fields, which leaves them to be cultivated for useful purposes. It is a fact, that cannot be denied, that you see very little actual drunkenness on the continent. Yet, on inquiry of the Americans, long residents, and who have turned their attention to the subject, I have learned that there is a vast deal of *intemperance on wine*, that does not exhibit itself publicly—and that the common use of wine produces insanity and other diseases, and premature death, as well as idleness, pauperism and crime.

The sovereign of this people, the grand duke of Tuscany, is absent, and will be, till the 20th. I had a message yesterday that he would see me with regard to my mission on his return—but it will be out of my power to stay so long now—but I may visit Florence again. I leave for Rome day after to-morrow.

In haste, yours, truly,

EDWARD C. DELAVAN.

Rome, Jan. 22d, 1839.

My Dear Sir,—My last was from Florence; I arrived here about a week since, and have been much engaged in viewing the wonders of the city—not forgetting, however for a moment, *the great cause*, but gaining all the facts I can, with regard to wine, and giving all the information in my power to leading minds relative to the temperance movements in the United States. Yesterday I had a long interview with Mr Acton, the head of the criminal court in this great city. After a very long discussion, I inquired of him, 'what proportion of the crime of Rome, the horrid assassinations, &c., *he* could trace to the use of wine.' His reply was immediately, 'all or nearly all.'

The wine drank generally in Rome is of the weakest character, and this is much diluted with water by *temperate* drinkers—but the habitual use of these very mild wines, (which I have ascertained can never be shipped to the United States, without being enforced by ardent spirits,) creates a taste for stronger wines, and, in the end, intemperance, with all its multiplied train of evils.

I have this day had an audience with cardinal Mezzofante, being the most extraordinary man living, in his particular department—he speaks forty five languages—he gave me the names of several distinguished Romans, whom I am to see. I am also to have a private audience with the Pope relative to my mission at an early date.

I write in haste, and am, dear friend, affectionately yours, EDWARD C. DELAVAN.

IN GEOFFREY CRAYON'S FIRST EPISTLE TO THE KNICKERBOCKER, we find the subjoined eloquent passage. It is deeply tinged with the amiably philosophic spirit that pervades the productions of the gifted author of the Sketch Book.

'I thank God I was born on the banks of the Hudson! I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of some grand and noble object of nature; a river, a lake or a mountain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affections, a rallying point to call us home again after our wanderings. 'The things which we have learned in our childhood,' says an old writer, 'grow up with our souls and unite themselves to it.' So it is with the scenes among which we have passed our early days; they influence the whole course of our thoughts and feelings; and I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound, to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious smiling surface, covering the dangerous sand-bar or perfidous rock; but a stream, deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith, the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow; ever straight forward. Once indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, aut it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straight forward march. Behold, thought I, the emblem of a good man's course through life; ever simple, open and direct; or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary; he soon recovers his onward and honorable career, and continues to the end of his pilgrimage. Excuse this rhapsody, into

which I have been betrayed by a revival of early feelings. The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love; and after all my wanderings, and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heart-felt preference over all the other rivers in the world. I seem to catch new life as I bathe in its ample billows, and inhale the pure breezes of its hills. It is true the romance of youth is past, that once spread illusions over every scene. I can no longer picture an Arcadia in every green valley; nor a fairy land among the distant mountains, nor a peerless beauty in every villa gleaming among the trees; but though the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine.

Cheerfulness in Wives.—Boz well remarks that a cheerful woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.

MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth; he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of an anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasing to his eyes, than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot, which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may, indeed find estimable friends who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains, but they cannot supply the place of the long known and long loved; they cannot read as in a book, the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts to them. He feels that he is a stranger, and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction, *may you die among your kindred.*—*Greenwood.*

[From the Western Messenger.]

A SUMMER'S EXPERIENCE.

There was a time when I almost believed that what 'every body' said must be true; and although my faith as a Unitarian has never wavered, I had heard it so often and so solemnly asserted, that 'Unitarianism, is a good enough religion to live by, but no religion at all to die by,' that I sometimes trembled lest it might at last prove so. The last summer's experience has removed that shadow of doubt. In three months severe trial I have seen enough to make me thank God that I am a Unitarian. As such, I have no fear that my soul will ever be without support either in life or in death—The summer has indeed been one of severe trial. This City has perhaps had no more than its share of sickness, but that has been a great deal, and a good many of our society have been dangerously ill. Among them all I have found not one who was disposed to murmur; not one who was not resigned. I have not found one whom the probability of death has frightened. There has been, in no case, a display of words, but always patience of spirit. Two of the number were taken. One of them I have mentioned before; a lady of singular goodness. The other was as good a man as I ever knew; James Homer, of Massachusetts. A man of unassuming virtues, of uncompromising principles, of mild and gentle disposition; one who left no promise unperformed, no engagement unfulfilled; who was zealous without noise, generous without ostentation, pious without austerity or bigotry. His loss will be severely, and more and more felt, but his death has imprinted upon the minds of those who are left, an invaluable lesson. He was ill but five days, and had no reason to think his disease very dangerous until a few hours before his death. The summons came unexpectedly and found him in the midst of plans of usefulness and manly activity, but it found him prepared. When he was told there was no hope of his living many hours, he showed no fear, not even painful surprise. He said that he had hoped to recover; that he thought he might do a great deal of good in the world, and that he wished for life on that account, but 'God's will, not mine be done;' he committed his children to God's care, and prayed silently. Presently he again spoke and said, 'I wish I had lived a better life, I know I might have done more than I have; but I trust that God will spare me. God forbid that I should trust for salvation to my own goodness! but I have no fear.' In a short time after this, he fell into a deep sleep, in which he continued for an hour and then ceased to breathe; there was no convulsion, not even of the features or hands. It was some minutes before we could be sure that he was gone—This was a christian's death. Let the caviller and the skeptic be silent. We will hold fast to a faith which thus lends 'a rod and a staff' to him who goes down to the valley of death. What more can religion do when it has taught us thus to live and die? E.

St. Louis.

OPIUM TRADE OF CHINA.

We 'outside barbarians' can form no just conception of the extent and pernicious consequences of opium-smoking and chewing in China. We know indeed that vast quantities of the 'black mud' have been annually shipped to China, but we must also take into view its extraordinary potency, in order to appreciate the extent of the evil. Americans understand too well the effects of grog-drinking, and its bewitching, besotting influences; but from what little we know of the effects of opium, we infer that it begets a worse kind of intoxication than rum; more bewitching, and more destructive to health and life. We therefore cannot but rejoice at the persevering, and we trust at length successful efforts of the Chinese Government to repress the enormous evil, and that in so doing it is seconded by the British Commercial Representative in China, Mr Elliot, as well as by most of the American and a portion of the British merchants there. The last accounts seem to indicate that the importation of opium was and would be effectually stopped. If so, great will be the tribulation of the consumers; for the habit is inveterate, and admits no denial. It is said that already some disturbances had arisen between the populace and the police, in consequence of the prohibition. And why should there not be, seeing we ourselves have had a Whiskey Rebellion? The prohibition, however, extends not merely to the importation, but to the use of the drug 'except as a medicine,' and the law is severely enforced, some times even to the infliction of the punishment of death! [N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

A Reflection for such as suffer for Truth.—Lord, unto me hast thou committed the precious treasure and trust of truth; and as I received it, so do I desire to deliver it to the generations to come, that the people which are yet unborn may praise the Lord. God forbid that I should ever part with such a fair inheritance, and thereby beggar my own, and thousands of souls! Thou hast given me thy truth, and the world hates me; I well know that it is the ground of the quarrel. Would I but throw truth over the walls, how soon would a retreat be sounded to all persecutors! But, Lord, thy truth is invaluably precious. What a vile thing is my blood, compared with the least of all thy truths! Thou hast charged me not to sell it; and, in thy strength, I resolve never to pass a fine, and cut off that golden line whereby thy truths are entailed upon thy people from generation to generation; my friends may go, my liberty may go, my blood may go; but as for thee, precious truth, thou shalt never go.—*Flavel.*

[From the Christian Monitor.]

UNITARIANISM IN LOUISIANA.

It will perhaps be recollected that in a previous paper (No. 4. 1839) the fact was mentioned that the government of Louisiana College, in Jackson, La., had become Unitarian. Particular mention was made of Professors Gird and Wooldridge. Professor Gird married in New England. Professor Wooldridge, the officiating clergyman, was formerly a Methodist, but is now a decided Unitarian. These gentlemen with their families and others have united in a church, and now have regular preaching in the college chapel.

We repeat the foregoing facts, because they have gained a new interest from the opportunity we have just had to read a discourse on the doctrine of the Trinity, by Prof. Wooldridge, delivered in Jackson, La. This discourse is an able, clear, comprehensive statement of the argument against the Trinity, embracing many just views of the principles of inquiry and interpretation, and showing much evidence of a spirit calmly and deeply earnest in the search of truth.

After stating four different forms which the doctrine of the Trinity has assumed in different ages of the church, and briefly exposing their confused and untenable character, he proceeds to meet the doctrine in the fourth, which is the modern form, that there are three persons in the Godhead, 'Co-equal, Co-essential, and Co-eternal,' Father, Son and Holy Ghost. 'This,' he says, 'is the language of the orthodox creeds, the great platform of Christian union and fellowship.' We extract the following passges from the preliminary part.

'But we are told we must believe in the doctrine of the Trinity whether we can understand it or not, and as an argument to enforce this position we are assured we believe thousands of things which we can neither comprehend nor understand. This declamation may answer very well for those who are in the habit of receiving their opinions by servile submission to the dictation of others, but it is worse than vanity and lighter than the chaff which the wind driveth away, to those who are guilty of that intolerable sin of modern times *thinking for themselves.* No rational man ever did nor ever will believe any thing he does not understand. He may believe as far as he understands, and there may be something beyond, which he will not deny, that he does not understand, but you can only predicate faith of the state of his mind about what he understands, or in the popular use of the term, comprehends. There is a vast difference between believing a proposition and simply not denying it. But this mode of reasoning about the Trinity is fallacious in every respect. We do not deny the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity because as some say, it is above our reason; but because it is clearly contrary to our reason. We can clearly understand and comprehend what is called the Trinity. We are told that God is one, and yet that God is three persons. Now we understand all this, we know what one is and what three is. The terms of the proposition, as well as the proposition itself, are fully understood or comprehended; but how do we understand it? So as to believe it? No, verily; but as a clear contradiction in terms, a manifest impossibility, a palpable absurdity.'

'Were a lecturer upon any scientific, political or literary subject to begin a lecture by stating to his audience that he was about to teach them doctrines which they could not understand, and which were *ipso facto* incomprehensible, I presume they would either regard him as a madman, or if they concluded to hear him they would expect to hear a very dark and unprofitable lecture. And yet men may make precisely such exordiums to religious discourses, and if any one should doubt of the propriety of such statements he would be looked upon as a heretic unworthy to live and unfit to die. What must intelligent men think of Christianity when they hear nine tenths of the discourses from the pulpit introduced with the assertion that the doctrines about to be taught are absolutely beyond the grasp of their intellects, or incomprehensible, nay, worse, contrary to reason, and at the same time hear the pains and torments of an endless hell denounced against them, unless they cordially assent to and embrace these fundamental doctrines, as they are pompously styled! When a speaker requires of me, in his very exordium, to renounce my reason and make war with common sense, I expect to be but little edified by his discourse.'

Having disposed of the argument from reason (of the satisfactory mode we have not room for specimens,) he goes on to the great argument from Scripture, which he introduces with some interesting references to himself as an inquirer.

'But we are told the doctrine of the Trinity is purely a doctrine of revelation, that it is to be sought in the Bible, and in the Bible alone. We are truly glad that we have, *at last,* arrived at what we consider the true standard of every religious sentiment, the infallible rule of our faith and practice. The position of Trinitarians that the doctrine of the Trinity cannot be understood, and that we should believe it without rational investigation, is, we must consider a virtual acknowledgement, that so far as reason is concerned, the doctrine cannot be maintained.—There is too, we are grieved to find, a disposition to make the impression that we are disposed to reject the doctrine, in question, simply because we cannot understand it, regardless, meanwhile, of the evident declarations of the inspired volume. We assure you that this is so far from the true state of the case that if we could find the doctrine of the Trinity clearly revealed in the bible, entertaining the views we do of that sacred instrument, we would most joyfully embrace it, though to us it is most unreasonable. Our reason for not believing the doctrine is because it is not to be found in the Bible. We have sought it there diligently and with tears, we have come to the investigation of the subject with our prejudices and interests for it, our nursing fathers and mothers have inculcated it upon us, the closets of orthodoxy were the fountains of our sentiments, those who were our bosom friends the advocates of this doctrine, we foresaw that the prejudices of the many would deny us the privileges of the Christian brotherhood, and even perhaps the Christian name, if we opposed the reigning sentiments. We saw if we were on the side of the Trinity a flowery path, but if we were against it a path of thorns, we saw the triumph of little souls over us, and the tears of the charitable, we saw the multitude who had once delighted to do us honor vanishing away, and coldness spreading its withering influence over those whose countenances had once beamed upon us with joy and gladness, we saw, in short, every thing on earth, that men usually esteem most, to stifle our conscientious decisions. With all these things, however, to prejudice us in favor of the doctrine, we have sought it but found it not.—Truth has been too mighty for us, its omnipotent voice we could not resist; we stand captivated, subdued, and yet emboldened by its all conquering power.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that we regard the authority of the Bible as absolutely decisive in this inquiry. We look at the infallable word, as the only umpire from whose clear decision there is no appeal.'

'In adducing the evidence of the scriptures we undertook to maintain, in the first place, the simple, uncompounded and proper personal unity of God. In the second place, that Jesus Christ is a being altogether different from God and in all respects subordinate to him. And in the last place, we shall submit a few remarks upon the personality of the Holy Spirit.'

The scriptural evidence is then presented and commented upon at length in such a manner as to do justice to the well known plainness and force of the argument, and exhibit the strength and clearness of the writer's mind.

After this very full discussion, in which every important point embraced in the controversy receives some appropriate notice, he thus concludes:

'In the spirit manifested by the religious community, I see much that is calculated to affect my feelings. In that sinking of minor points of difference to make head against one, who seems to be looked upon as a common foe in that coalition of sects and parties to prevent free inquiry, and to carry points by personal influence and terror, I read but too clearly that I have but little to hope from my brethren in Christ. There are, however, some generous spirits, already, who will do me justice; others will arise who will look 'upon the face of no man,' but upon the principles of truth and justice; and to these, from the fretting and bubbling commotions of the present time, I confidently appeal. The sentiments I have this day uttered may, I am too well aware, form the watchword for a still more vigorous attack; if they should, I have only to say that I am ready and willing to lose popularity, influence, property, worldly prospects, nay, even life itself, in support of my sentiments. If the sacrifice of my *all* is needful for the cause of truth, I cheerfully exclaim, the offering is ready, the sacrifice is prepared, and the victim is firmly bound to the horns of the Altar.'

We have heretofore expressed our sympathy with the Professors of the Louisiana College, and it will not be less likely to be permanent, since we have seen the able and manly vindication of their sentiments and ours, which circumstances have drawn thence.

Religious Belief.—I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from destruction and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent into paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amarynths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys; where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair!—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

THE PROPHETIC DEWDROP.

A delicate child, pale, and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning onward to noonday. 'The sun' said the child, 'has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath.' Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upward. 'See,' said he, 'there stand the dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewelry—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers on the earth blooms again in heaven.' Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for, soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled like a dew-drop into heaven.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

For the Register and Observer.

SABBATH SCHOOL MEETING, NORTHBORO.

The Annual Meeting of the Worcester County Association of Sunday School Teachers, was held at Northboro, on Wednesday last. The day was very fine, and the occasion one of exceeding great interest. This Association is composed of Teachers from twelve towns in this central and intelligent County of the commonwealth; and at this meeting, there were present at least a number equal certainly to three hundred. The spirit of the occasion may be illustrated by the fact, that every teacher from some of the towns twelve or sixteen miles distant, say forty in number, were all present.

The business of the Association was transacted at the public house; the officers for the year chosen; and the report read by the Rev. Mr Stebbins of Leominster; after which a collation was served up in the best style by Mr Blake, the generous and hospitable host of the establishment.

The Report was an able document, detailing with great luminousness and power, the situation of the schools connected with the Association; the proper qualifications of teachers, the standard of which was placed on the highest ground—the most desirable character of books for Juvenile Libraries, those of a strictly religious character,—the want of an able commentary on the Scriptures like Barnes's notes, but of a more sound and liberal character, with various other most important topics. The number of pupils and teachers reported as connected with the Association was upwards of *two thousand.* It was voted to print and circulate the report.

At one o'clock they repaired to the Church, where the children, parents and others had assembled to attend the services of the occasion. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr Hill of Worcester. The Rev. Mr Gannett of Boston preached the sermon, from Luke xvii.—5. The delivery occupied an hour and a half, and was listened to with profound attention. Subject, the nature and importance of true faith.

After this service, and appropriate music by a skilful choir, the Parents were addressed by Rev. Dr. Thayer of Lancaster; the Teachers by Mr L. G. Pray of Boston; and the Children by Rev. Mr Barry of Framingham. I refrain from any remarks on these addresses other than to say, that the breathless attention of a crowded auditory, gave evidence of their deep interest in the cause of this Association, conducted as it is with a harmony, spirit and vigor worthy of all praise.

After the usual Doxology had been sung by the whole audience, the benediction was pronounced, and the audience dispersed;—and as the long lines of chaises, carryalls and other vehicles were seen leaving this quiet and beautiful town in various directions, filled with those whose features indicated the gladness and serenity of their hearts after participating in these impressive services, I could not doubt that they were returning to their several firesides and schools, with new resolutions to engage in the holy work of the moral and religious instruction of the young, with redoubled vigor, and renewed interest. G.

For the Register and Observer.

THE SUFFOLK STREET CHAPEL.

Mr Editor.—There is a charity that 'seeketh not her own' as is demonstrated by the fact that, in behalf of the above named chapel, and in aid of the funds required for its erection, a benevolent individual (who withholds his name) has offered one thousand dollars to the Fraternity of churches through the hands of Richard S. Fay Esq. of this city. This sum is given on condition that the same amount be raised from other sources. I trust there will not be wanting those who will help to fulfil this condition. The corner stone of this chapel is laid this week, and you may anticipate for your next number some abstract of the services on that occasion. J. T. S.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MAY 25, 1839.

SAVED BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

His example, character and teachings have done much to save the world, but his blood more. No event has occurred on earth, that has so deeply and powerfully affected its generations as the shedding of it. None has done so much to redeem it from evil and fill it with love and joy and peace, to quell and subdue man's sinful passions and excite his higher and holier energies, resolutions and affections. There are thousands, now in the world, saved. They have fought the good fight, they have overcome their spiritual foes. They no longer feel the buffetings of the evil one. They are contented, efficient, serene, hopeful and happy. Their bosom's Lord is seated on a tranquil, beneficent throne. Salvation is in all they say and do. It is in the tones of their voice. It is diffused over their features. It shines through all their deeds. All about them is tender, pure, disinterested, heaven-born. They are evidently saved. What has done it? Ask them. They will answer the blood of Christ has effected most. It has most frequently arrested and aroused them. It has filled their eyes with tears of the deepest penitence. It has given them fortitude and faith, confidence and courage. It has spoken to them in a voice more impressive, more thrilling than the thunders that broke over Sinai. In temptation and weakness, fear and sorrow they have gone to the cross and found strength, boldness and consolation. Through its mighty influence they have gained their victories.

When an important event has been effected by several combined causes, it is natural, when speaking of it, to refer it to that alone which is most efficient and affecting. A father, in the prosecution of his efforts and enterprises to support, benefit and enrich his family, takes the distemper of which he at last dies. Would not the mother frequently tell her sons they owed their education, advantages and wealth to the death of their father, that they cost him his life,—were bought with a price. The language is natural but not correct. They are indebted for these things, much more to his life, prudence and energy, than to his death. We say we owe our national independence and prosperity to the blood of patriots. It is the language of feeling, passion, imagination. We owe our independence and prosperity, much more to their wisdom, firmness and fortitude than to their blood.

The death of Jesus is the most touching and striking event in his history. It has been and is most powerful in its influence. It has done most to arouse, regenerate and save the world. There is therefore sufficient reason why Paul made it so prominent, without ascribing to it any peculiar agency. It was one of the great purposes of our Savior's mission to raise up reformers, in all generations, who would do, and dare, and suffer all things in the cause of truth and benevolence. They were to be the salt of the earth, who should keep alive the sacred fire among men, and bear bravely forward, the standards of humanity. This Christ has effected. Since his death a new and higher order of individuals has appeared—martyrs to right and duty, truth and improvement. They have left and sacrificed all, parents and brethren, homes, wives and children, reputation and life, for conscience sake. They have counted nothing dear unto themselves, but to finish their work—Persecutions, tortures, flames, they have rejoiced in them. Wrong and oppression, falsehood and tyranny have felt there was a new and mighty power operating, in the world. They have trembled in their dungeons, palaces and capitals. It is the blood of Christ, that has done this. Before that was shed men died for ambition, revenge, wealth, power—but since for truth and righteousness. The blood of Christ has raised up, armed and sustained the noble army. It has breathed into them that unconquerable moral energy which believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things, and accomplishes all things. Its every drop has broken a thousand fetters and dethroned a thousand falsehoods and oppressions. It baffled the arts and armies of Rome, and entered in triumph the palace of her Cæsars. Every city and village of the empire felt its energy. Her iron legions could not resist its progress. The cross has been the throne of Jesus. It has ruled the world. The blood shed on it has changed the whole course of human affairs. From Calvary issues that river of God, which is changing the whole earth into one green pasture of salvation. On the fierce and awful clouds that hang over it, is spanned the bow of man's most glorious hope. From them rises the holy, beautiful star that lights him to his lofty destiny, and shines in the firmament of God. There is the pledge that our nature shall triumph over all its weaknesses, wrongs, foes. Hence proceeds the divine energy, that is regenerating and redeeming humanity—a portion of which entering into holy souls makes them sons of God and prophets. We repeat, every drop of that blood has done more for man, than all human eloquence, genius and learning combined. It has raised millions from spiritual death. The blood of martyrs it is said is the life of the world. The blood of Jesus is its salvation. It is a perennial fountain of spiritual power. It filled with zeal, disinterestedness and courage, the Apostles and early Christians and ever since it has fought the battles and gained the victories of humanity. Within our own hearing almost, it has torn chains from the limbs of injured multitudes. Wilberforce struggled through weary years to free those for whom Christ had died.

Why then may we not, why should we not speak of the blood of Jesus, with enthusiasm, in the strongest terms? If we were writing to a missionary and his little flock, in a far distant land we should naturally employ language like St Paul's, equally strong, about the sufferings and blood of Christ—without imagining we could be suspected of ascribing any peculiar efficay to them. Let us never despair of the fortunes of a world for which Christ has died. His blood will yet redeem it from all its woes and sins, and clothe every soul with the beauty, and fill it with the blessedness of holiness.

THE LIVERPOOL CONTROVERSY.

We have wished to give our readers some account of the controversy, which has been going on in Liverpool for some months past. But we have neither had the means nor a convenient opportunity. A friend has handed us the following statement. We also insert the syllabus of the lectures on both sides, thinking it may be interesting to some, if not all. We rejoice at every event of this kind. Unitarians desire nothing but fair and thorough discussion. It is all that is needed to spread their views rapidly and widely. We think it impossible for people candidly to examine our religious sentiments and conceptions, without perceiving their beauty and consistency, their simplicity and sublimity—nor without feeling their quickening, soothing, sustaining and sanctifying power. We have nothing to fear, and every thing to hope from honest and able controversy. Error is only safe when men are silent and thoughtless, or when their attention is perseveringly directed to other subjects, foreign missions, or the condition of the savege, tribes beyond the rocky mountains. Our orthodox friends here are more wise and prudent than their transatlantic brethren. They stand aloof. They preserve an impassive attitude. Silence appears to reign over them. The voice of rebuke and denunciation that was so strong and loud, a few years since, has died away. It is true the cloud, from which it issued, is still to be seen floating and rolling in God's pure and gentle atmosphere. But it is as still as that which hangs round the horizon of life. We commend them for this. They know what controversy can effect. They have felt its power. They have come forth from it not a little injured. It has already put out at least one third part of their stars. They are well satisfied they have nothing to gain and something, though we are glad to say not much, to lose. If this language shall seem to some, to indicate a fondness for controversy, they do us injustice. We desire nothing so ardently as quiet life and still thoughts. We would have the stream of being flow unruffled. If important truth were not at stake, we should much prefer to keep our peace, to sit down quietly under the dense shadows of the old ecclesiastical tree, and suffer it, in its own way, to wither, decay and fall. Every blow, we strike into its sapless roots, is an act of self denial. We suppress the influence of many of our earliest and tenderest sympathies and associations. The hand that poured the waters of baptism on our infant brows takes ours but coldly. We do it as a work of stern duty, of faithfulness to him who has died for us. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.

For the Register and Observer.

A controversy of an important character has been going on in Liverpool the last few months between the clergy of the established Church and the Unitarians, which I have been expecting to see noticed in our papers. In the 'Albion' of January 28, I find the following.

Religious controversy.—'A controversy of the greatest interest to the religious world is on the eve of taking place in Liverpool. The gauntlet of defiance was thrown down at the beginning of the week, by the Rev. F. Ould minister of Christ's Church, whose letter, which originally appeared in the tory paper, we insert. The letter of the Rev. Messrs. Martineau, Thom, and Giles, ministers of the Unitarian Chapels in Liverpool, appears for the first time this morning. Both letters, but particularly the second, are extremely well worth perusing. We fancy that Ould and his reverend coadjutors will wince under the mild and Christian-like rebuke of their reverend opponents.'

Then follows the letter of Mr Ould.

'To all who call themselves Unitarians in the town and neighborhood of Liverpool,' signed Fielding Ould.

Next comes a reply.

'To the Rev. Fielding Ould and the other clergymen about to lecture on the Unitarian controversy in Christ's Church,' which is signed by James Martineau, John Hamilton Thom, and Henry Giles.

I have not the papers before me. The first letter referred to above, was, however, an invitation to the Unitarians to come and hear a course of lectures against their dangerous, errors in the hope that they might be convinced and be led to renounce them. The reply not only consented to do this, but promised to give a course of lectures in answer to the former, on condition that the Rev. Mr Ould and his coadjutors would recommend to their people to hear both sides of the controversy.

The Liverpool Times contains a reply of F. Ould declining to accept the controversy on the terms proposed, that is, to recommend a hearing of both sides of the controversy, as this would be placing the two parties on an equality. He furthermore declined publishing the lectures, or any outline of them in any periodical or paper.

This called forth a very severe reply from the Unitarian clergy, who did not fail to place the conduct of their opponents in its true light. They also published an address 'To the Trinitarians of this town and neighborhood who may feel interested in the approaching Unitarian controversy,' signed J. H. Thom, H. Giles, J. Martineau. In the same paper there is an editorial notice of the controversy, and the address of James Martineau to his people on the previous Sabbath in announcing the intended lectures.

Any later mention of the subject I have not seen.

SYLLABUS OF A COURSE OF LECTURES.

Trinitarian Lecture,
on Wednesday Evenings in Christ's Church.

Feb. 6.—1. Introductory. The practical importance of the Controversy with Unitarians. Rev. *F. Ould.*

Feb. 13.—2. The Integrity of the Canon of Holy Scripture maintained against Unitarian Objections. Rev. *Dr. Tattershall.*

Feb. 20.—3 The Unitarian Interpretation of the New Testament based upon defective Scholarship, or on dishonest or uncandid Criticism. *Rev. T. Byrth.*

Feb. 27.—4. The Proper Humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ. Rev. *J. Jones.*

March 6.—5 The proper Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ proved from Prophecies, Types, and Jewish Ordinances. Rev. *J. H. Steward.*

March 13.—6. The proper Deity of our Lord the only ground of Consistency in the Work of Redemption. Rev. *H. M'Neile.*

March 20.—7. The Doctrine of the Trinity proved as a consequence from the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ. Rev. *D. James.*

March 27.—8. The Atonement indispensable to the Necessities of Fallen Man, and shown to stand or fall with the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ. Rev. *R. P. Buddicom.*

April 3.—9. The Deity, Personality, and Operations of the Holy Ghost. Rev. *J. E. Bates*

April 10.—10. The Sacraments practically rejected by Unitarians. Rev. *H. W. M'Grath.*

April 17.—11. The Nicene and Athanasian Creeds explained and defended. Rev. *R. Davies.*

April 24.—12. The Personality and Agency of Satan. Rev. *H. Stowell.*

May 1.—13. The Eternity of future Rewards and Punishments. Rev. *W. Dalton.*

Unitarian lecture,
on Tuesday Evenings, in Paradise-st Chapel.

Feb. 12.—1. The practical importance of the Unitarian Controversy. Rev. *J. H. Thom.*

Feb. 19.—2. The Bible: what it is, and what it is not. Rev. *J. Martineau.*

Feb. 26.—3. Christianity not the property of Critics and Scholars, but the gift of God to all men. Rev. *J. H. Thom.*

March 5.—4. 'There is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Chri-t Jesus.' Rev. *H. Giles.*

March 12.—5. The proposition 'That Christ is God,' proved to be false from the Jewish and the Christian Scriptures. Rev. *J. Martineau.*

March 19.—6. The scheme of Vicarious Redemption inconsistent with itself, and with the Christian idea of Salvation. Rev. *J. Martineau.*

March 26.—7. The unscriptural Origin and Ecclesiastical History of the Doctrine of the Trinity. Rev. *J. H. Thom.*

April 2.—8. Man, the image of God. Rev. *H. Giles.*

April 9.—9. The Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, who dwelleth in us, and teacheth all things. Rev. *J. H. Thom.*

April 16.—10. Christianity without Priest, and without Ritual. Rev. *J. Martineau.*

April 23.—11. Creeds the foes of Heavenly Faith; the allies of worldly Policy. Rev. *H. Giles.*

April 30.—12. The Christian view of Moral Evil here. Rev. *J. Martineau.*

May 7.—13. The Christian view of Retribution hereafter. Rev. *H. Giles.*

THE BENEVOLENT FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.

The fifth annual report, of the central board, is before us. It is an interesting and valuable document. It contains much to reward, gratify and encourage the friends and supporters of this institution. There is no enterprise of the times more fitted to excite the curiosity and interest of the patriot, Christian and philanthropist. The benevolent had long felt the need and necessity of some more direct and efficient means of operating on the neglected and degraded portions of the community. Ordinary influences appeared to pass over them, or were inappropriate to their circumstances and moral wants. The regular and organized institutions of society affected them but feebly and indirectly. The consequence was that, in every country, particularly in all great cities, there was a large and constantly increasing body of people little more benefitted by christianity and the advantages of modern science and civilization than those who dwell at the verge of the green earth. Here were accumulating the fierce and malignant materials for future convulsions and desolations—the black sea that was sending forth, in every direction, its blighting pestilential vapours—here the lifeless mass that opposed and repressed every effort of humanity to gain the ascendency of its higher destiny. What was to be done? The energy, activity and progress that distinguish the age, so far from removing, appeared to enlarge the evil and to add fearfulness to the danger. While intelligence and wealth spread and develope, pauperism, pravity and crime more and more abound. This result is demonstrated by statistics, which can hardly be false. The wise and good looked on and sighed. The solution of the dread problem was deemed beyond human sagacity. This condition of things was viewed as one of the awful mysteries of Providence, as giving rise to the thickest and darkest cloud that surrounds the eternal throne. The world seemed doomed to contain and groan under about the same amount of sin and wretchedness, let what would be done. Its wisdom stood abashed—its benevolence in despair.

Faith, pale, silent, trembling, kneeled amid the wreck of many fond, cherished hopes, and adored the inscrutable, Almighty will. May we not believe that the simple institution of a ministry exclusively devoted to the poor, is the beginning of a process and system which will remove the whole difficulty and do this work so essential to be done? May we not believe that here is the agency, that is to redeem and elevate the low and lost portion of the race and thus destroy that appalling fact employed, with so much effect by the prudent, cold and sceptical? Some may smile. The cross was once foolishness. None the less it has been the wisdom of God and the power of God in the accomplishment of his grand and benevolent purposes. The most simple and unpretending means have ever been the most efficient in producing vast moral results. To them belongs the gratitude and the glory. Let Boston demonstrate the competency of this system to accomplish this great object, this inestimable good, and she has done more for her fame than heroism and eloquence did for Athens.

We give the following passages from the report.

It would be difficult to describe the various cases in which good may be done to the poor and afflicted, by familiar personal intercourse with them; for they are almost as numberless and diverse in their characteristics as are the vicissitudes of life. Any one, however, upon the slightest consideration, must be satisfied that a minister can in this way obtain an influence over the mind and character which nothing else will give him. He is enabled to place himself before those whom he visits in the light of a friend, rather than a censor or religious teacher. Now we know that, even among the most favored classes of society, the power of human sympathy over the sorrowing or afflicted mind is great. How much greater then, must it be over the poor and neglected. Indeed, one of the chief sources of their wretchedness and degradation is the feeling that no one cares for them; that they are looked down upon by those who happen to be more favored in their outward condition; that they are set apart from the rest of the world; that there is an almost impassable gulf fixed between themselves and others. When, therefore, they find that a bridge is thrown across this gulf, and that individuals are actually passing over it, for the sake of holding communion with them, their hearts are stirred from the very bottom, and a most excellent opportunity is afforded for the introduction of such truths as shall serve to enlighten and awaken their moral powers. The ground is at once, in a great measure, prepared to receive the seed; and if it be good seed, and liberally sown, it will take root and produce fruit abundantly. By a constant system of visits from house to house, the Minister at Large soon becomes intimately acquainted with the character, prejudices, and dispositions of those he would influence, understands their real wants, and can address himself effectively to their ever varying sorrows and temptations. He can relieve their physical necessities—encourage their efforts to obtain employment, or inform them where they can find it—advise them in their various difficulties—put their children to service or school—invite them to his Chapel, and, as opportunity offers, introduce moral and religious truths, in such modes and degrees as may best influence their minds and conduct. His influence, however, is not confined to the families in which he visits; but by that mysterious law of moral relations, which keeps all the individuals of a class in juxta position with each other, it extends to those who are personally unknown to him. In addition to his usual parochial duties, the minister is often called upon to attend the funerals of persons with whom he has had no connection, and to visit jails, hospitals and penitentiaries; and on all such occasions good may be done. Mr. Gray has about 280 families, and Mr. Sargent 120, in which they visit daily. The former states the number of his visits for the past year at between 3 and 4,000. Both of them have stated, from time to time, in their reports various cases in which they have produced decided changes in the character and conduct of individuals and families; and if it were proper, they might be related here. Suffice it, however, to say, that the evidence of good results from this part of their labors, is striking and abundant.'

'From the Treasurer's Annual Report, it appears that the sum of $2,090 04 has been subscribed by the several associated Churches, to defray the current expenses of the year, and that there is now on hand the sum of $642 02. In addition to this amount, $8,246 00 have been subscribed for the purpose of building the new Church.

The Society has recently applied to the Legislature to be incorporated, and an act has been granted authorizing it to hold real and personal estate to an amount which shall not exceed in its annual income the sum of $7,000, exclusive of its Chapels, and the land on which they stand. This act has been accepted, and the Society duly organized under it.'

The following gentlemen are officers of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches for 1839—40.

Samuel Greele, *President.*
S. K. Lothrop, *Secretary.*
Elijah Cobb, *Treasurer.*
Samuel Greele, S. K. Lothrop, Elijah Cobb, Richard Sullivan, H. B. Rogers, *Executive Committee.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

We have received the list following from the publishers. Some of them are already known and appreciated.

From Weeks, Jordan and Co.—

The Ministry of Jesus Christ, with poetical illustrations and notes, by T. B. Fox.

Peter Parley's Geography of the Bible.

Memoir of Mary Green, by Rev. Hervey Wilbur.

First Book for Sunday Schools. Printed for the use of the South Parish Sunday School, Portsmouth N. H.

Rollo Learning to Read, Rollo at Play, Rollo at Work, by Abbot. These works enjoy the usual popularity of the author's performances.

The Sunday School Prayer Book.

The Authenticity of the New Testament. Translated from the French of J. E. Cellerier Jr. This treatise has been well spoken of by competent judges. Something of the kind is needed by the higher classes in our Sunday Schools.

—

The School-Boy, or Guide for Youth to Truth and Duty. By John S. C. Abbott. Published by Crocker and Brewster.

—

A visit to the country. A tale. By the Author of Letters to a Mother. Published by Wm. Crosby and Co.

—

The Well Spent Hour, 4th edition, and Sequel to the Well Spent Hour, second edition, both by Mrs Follen. Published by James Monroe and Co. The reputation of these excellent books is too well established to need our commendation.

—

Also, published by Joseph Dowe, Instruction from Trees and Flowers.

Rebecca Wilson, the Cumberland Girl.

Harry Winter, the Weaver of Borough Place.

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, acknowledges the receipt of the following sums.

From the Auxiliary Association in Danvers,	$36
From J. B. Pierce Esq. of Danvers to constitute himself a Life member of the Association,	$6
From Jonathan Shove, Esq. of Danvers,	$6
From Daniel P. King, Esq. of Danvers,	$6
From P. R. Southwick Esq. of Danvers,	$6
From the Auxiliary Association in Rev. Mr Hall's Society, Dorchester,	$120
From the Auxiliary Association in Ashby,	$18
From the Auxiliary Association in Providence,	$150
From the Association for Benevolent purposes, in Sterling,	$30
From a friend by Rev. S. K. Lothrop,	$3
From the Auxiliary Association, Belfast,	$2
From the Auxiliary Association, Windsor, Vt.	$31
From the Auxiliary Association, Northampton,	$17
From the Auxiliary Association, Deerfield,	$20
From Hon. Samuel Hoar of Concord,	$5
From Ladies of Rev. Mr Fessenden's Society, Deerfield,	$30

RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES.

The anniversaries of the various religious, benevolent and scientific associations which have usually occurred at this period of the year, will be held in this city next week.

We shall give, in the order of their occurrence, a connected list of those meetings in which we suppose the clergy and others who usually attend these anniversaries may feel an interest.

MONDAY.

11, A. M.—Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society, (business meeting,) in Rev. Dr Frothingham's study, Summer street.

5. P. M.—Massachusetts Bible Society, annual Meeting, at the Old South Chapel, Spring Lane.

7 1-2 P. M. American Education Society; public meeting at Marlboro' chapel—Report, Addresses &c.

TUESDAY.

10. A. M.—N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention, at Marlboro' Chapel. Report and Address—also at 3 P. M. Wednesday and 8 A. M. Thursday.

11. A. M. Prison Discipline Society—public meeting in Marlboro' Chapel.

3. P. M. American Peace Society, at Marlboro' Chapel, Report and Addresses, by Hon. Richard Fletcher, Wm. Ladd, Esq., and others.

3. P. M. New-England S. S. Union, a public meeting at the Federal street Baptist Church. Report and addresses.

3 1-2 P. M. Society for the promotion of Christian Knowledge, Piety and Charity, (business meeting) at the house of the Secretary, Rev. Mr Greenwood, Temple Place.

4. P. M. Pastoral Association, sermon in Park street Church.

4. P. M. Massachusetts Temperance Union, annual meeting, at Marlboro' Chapel—and will unite with the American Temperance Union in public meeting of the two Societies at the Odeon, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

7 1-2 P. M. American Unitarian Association, annual meeting, at Berry street Church. Meeting for business at 6 1-2, in Berry street Vestry.

7 1-2 P. M. Massachusetts Conference of Baptist Ministers. Sermon at the Federal street Church, by Rev. Prof. Sears.

7 1-2 P. M. Massachusetts Missionary Society—public meeting in Marlboro' Chapel. Report and Addresses.

WEDNESDAY.

8. A. M. Annual Meeting of Ministerial Conference in Berry street, at Berry street Vestry.

8 A. M. American Physiological Society, at Marlboro' Chapel. Report and Addresses.

11 A. M. Seamen's Friend Society, meeting in Marlboro' Chapel.

3 P. M. Convention of Congregational Ministers, for business, at the Supreme Court Room, Court st.

3 P. M. Northern Baptist Education Society. Report and Addresses, at Federal street Baptist Meeting-house.

7 1-2 P. M. Sunday School Society, at Federal street Church.

7 1-2 P. M. American Tract Society, Public meeting at Marlboro' Chapel.

7 1-2 P. M. Foreign Missionary meeting, at Federal street Baptist Church. Addresses.

THURSDAY.

10 A. M. Evangelical Missionary Society, Annual Meeting in Berry street Vestry.

11. A. M. Annual Sermon before Convention of Congregational Ministers, by Rev. G. W. Blagden, at Brattle street Church.

3 P. M. Massachusetts Baptist Convention. Report and Addresses.

3 P. M. Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, public meeting, at Marlboro' Chapel. Report, Addresses, &c.

7 1-2 P. M. Book and Pamphlet Society, in the Federal street Church. Sermon by Rev. Mr Gannett; business meeting at half-past 6 in the Vestry.

7 1-2 P. M. American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at Marlboro' Chapel. Report and Addresses.

FRIDAY.

7 1-2 P. M. Massachusetts Temperance Society, business meeting; Old Common Council Room, Court Square.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

Attention is requested, to a notice, in another column, of the public meetings of this society to be held on Thursday evening next, in the Church in Federal St. As this is unquestionably one among the most important and useful charities of our denomination, it is to be hoped there will be a full attendance, and a liberal contribution to the funds. It is upon the receipts on this occasion, added to a quite limited annual subscription, that the society depends for the means of influence and usefulness during the coming year. The silent messengers it sends forth carry instruction and consolation to many doubting and anxious hearts. Shall it continue to exercise this beneficent and heavenly office,—or shall it languish and pine away through neglect?

The Treasurer of the Evangelical Missionary Society, acknowledges the receipt of twenty five dollars from the Sewing Society in the West Parish of this city.

INTELLIGENCE.

Albany and West Stockbridge Railroad.—A great movement has taken place in Albany. The capitol, Friday evening, was thronged with citizens, without distinction of party, to take into consideration the late Legislative act allowing the Common Council to subscribe to the additional amount of $400,000 to the Railroad to West Stockbridge. Erastus Corning, Esq. presided. Numerous addresses were made, and spirited resolutions passed, unanimously approving of the subscription, which was to be determined by vote of the citizens yesterday. The value of this road to the interests of Albany and the West, was pointed out with great force. By this connection with the main stem of the New England Railroad, a direct communication at all seasons is opened to Boston The Bridgeport and Housatonic, and the New York and Albany Railroads were also approved of, as furnishing for Albany two additional ports on the Atlantic. It is manifest that the city of New York must look closely to their own interests, and hasten as expeditiously as possible the completion of not only the river road, to prevent too great a diversion to Boston, but lay open, also, by accelerating the execution of the great road to Lake Erie, a more direct route than any for the commerce of all the West.—*Atlas.*

Efforts in aid of Seamen, at New Orleans.—A public meeting was recently held at New Orleans for the purpose of establishing a Sailor's Home in that city, similar to those now in operation at Boston. The meeting was addressed at great length by Mr. Buckingham, whose benevolent exertions in the welfare of the mariner, as well as in that of the Temperance cause, have rendered his visit to this country celebrated. He proposes to have a building erected with every means of accommodation for sailors while on shore, by furnishing them with comfortable lodgings at a moderate price, and in so doing remove them from the haunts of vice and immortallity, which are now open to deprive them of their earnings, by the many temptations that beset them and to which they are generally so susceptible. In addition there is proposed to be connected with the establishment a school for the instruction of young seamen in the elements of navigation to render them competent to take command of vessels; a new room and library; a store to furnish them with the necessary clothing and other supplies for a voyage at moderate prices; and also a Savings' Bank for the seamen to deposit their earnings in upon their arrival in port, subject to their orders for the necessary expenses while on shore, leaving the balance at accumulating interest to form a fund to support them during sickness or to render them comfortable in old age. This meeting, with two others previously held, has rendered this benevolent object a popular one at New Orleans: the subscription is going forward briskly for the erection of the necessary buildings.

[From the United States Gazette.]

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, met on Thursday morning in this city at 11 o'clock. The number of delegates in attendance, we understand, is unusually large. The delegates meet in two separate bodies, one in the Seventh Church in Ranstead Court, the other in the lecture room of the First Church, on Washington Square; both of whom claim to be the General Assembly. We shall, therefore, as on a former occasion give an abstract of the proceedings of each body, designating them by the name of each church in which they hold their session respectively.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

11 o'clock, A. M.

The Assembly was opened with a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Fisher, Moderator of the last Assembly.

After public worship, the Assembly was constituted with prayer. The Committee on Commissioners made their report of the number of Commissioners enrolled. After which several others were reported and added, making the number about 150 members.

The Rev. Baxter Dickinson D. D. of Lane Seminary, was unanimously elected Moderator, and the Rev Henry A. Rowland, chosen temporary Clerk. The afternoon was spent in arranging business, appointing Committees, &c. when the Assembly adjourned, to meet on Saturday morning, in the same place. Concluded with prayer.

SEVENTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Thursday morning, 11 o'clock.

The Assembly was opened with a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Plummer, the Moderator of the last Assembly.

After public worship, the Assembly was constituted with prayer. The committee on commissions made report of the number of commissioners enrolled—subsequently some others were added, making in all about 160 members.

The Rev. J. L. Wilson, from Cincinnati, was unanimously chosen moderator, and the Rev. Jacob Green, temporary Clerk.

An interesting letter, from the Presbyterian church of Canada, was received, read, and ordered to be printed. The afternoon was spent in arranging business and appointing committees, &c. when the assembly adjourned to meet to-morrow morning at the same place.

Concluded with prayer.

Post Office in England.—A report of the select committee of the British house of commons, contained in a supplement to the London Spectator of the 9th of March last, furnishes some interesting particulars in relation to the post office department details of Great Britain. The number of letters annually transmitted throughout the Kingdom is estimated at about 77,000,000; the gross receipts for postage in 1837, were 2,339,737*l.* 18*s* 3*d*; the total cost of management and transportation 698,632*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.*; leaving a balance of 1,641,105*l.* 10*s.* 1*d*, as the revenue received by the government from that department. Besides the number of letters mentioned above, there is to be added 7,000,000 franked letters, and 44,500,000 newspapers, which are free of postage. The committee recommend the reduction of the present charge of postage, to the general rate of 1*d* for letters not exceeding half an ounce in weight, and to be paid for in advance. The committee assert that the high rate of postage prevents so much of the correspondence that would naturally occur, and encourages the sending of letters contrary to law to avoid the postage to such a degree, that the consequence of following the course recommended by them, would be to increase the number forwarded annually to 400,000,000. In case this should prove correct, the income to the government would be diminished only about one-sixth.

Cotton Manufacture in Prussia.—The following is quoted from a Berlin letter; 'Printed cottons have become, the chief manufacture of Prussia, and at Berlin has arrived at the highest degree of perfection. The extension of this branch of industry is chiefly due to the Jews. A few years ago, all the states within the German Customs' Union drew their supplies of these goods entirely from England; whereas now British produce is totally superseded. Berlin manufactures 350,000 pieces of printed cotton per annum, rivalling in designs and quality the best English articles. The demand is daily increasing, and business in these manufactures is transacted at the fair of Frankfort on the Oder to a very large amount.

FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The American Unitarian Association will hold its Annual Meeting on Tuesday evening, 28th inst. in the Federal Street Church.

The meeting for business will be in the Berry St. Vestry, at half-past 6 o'clock; and the meeting in the church, at half-past 7 o'clock.

There will also be a meeting of the Councillors of the Association in the Berry St. Vestry, on Thursday, the 30th inst. at 4 o'clock P. M.

C. BRIGGS, *Gen. Sec'y A. U. A.*

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of '*the Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society,*' will be holden in Boston on Monday next, May 27th, in the study of Rev. Dr Frothingham, Chauncy-Place, at 11 o'clock; when a punctual attendance of the members is requested.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, *Secretary.*

BERRY STREET CONFERENCE.

The Annual Meeting of *The Ministerial Conference in Berry street* will be held at the Vestry in Berry street on Wednesday next, the 29th inst. at 8 o'clock, A. M.

ALEXANDER YOUNG,
GEORGE PUTNAM,
SAMUEL K. LOTHROP,
} *Standing Committee.*

Boston, May 20th, 1839.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

A Public Meeting of the Sunday School Society will be held at the Rev. Dr Channing's Church in Federal street on Wednesday evening May 29th at half-past 7 oclock; when the Annual Report will be read by the Corresponding Secretary, and addresses are expected from several gentlemen interested in the objects of the Society.

Sunday School Teachers and all others interested are respectfully invited to attend.

JAMES H. WEEKS, *Rec. Sec.*

EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of 'the Evangelical Missionary Society in Massachusetts' will be holden in Boston on Thursday next, May 30th, in the Vestry of Berry street Church at 10 o'clock A. M.; when a punctual attendance of the Members is requested.

The Trustees of the Society are desired to meet at the same place at *quarter before ten.*

For the Secretary, CHANDLER ROBBINS.

A meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Piety and Charity, will be held on Tuesday, May 28th at 3 1-2 P. M. for the transaction of business, at the house of the Secretary, in Temple Place.

F. W. P. GREENWOOD, *Sec.*

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the Book and Pamphlet Society, will be held in the Berry St Vestry at half-past 6 o'clock on Thursday evening 30th inst.

Sermon in the Federal street church, by Rev. Mr Gannett, at half-past 7 o'clock, after which a collection will be made, in aid of the funds of the Society.

DAVID REED, *Secretary Pro Tem.*

The Convention of Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts will hold its annual meeting in the room occupied by the Supreme Court, in the new Court-house, Court st,—on Wednesday the 29th inst. at half past 3 o'clock P. M.

The annual sermon will be preached in Brattle st. Church, on Thursday at 11 o'clock A. M. by the Rev. G. W. Blagden.

By order of the scribe.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

THE Poetical Works of Burns, 12 mo.
Ure's Dictionary of Arts 8vo.
Arabian Nights vol 1. 8vo.
Scottish Writers, 2 vols. 12mo.
England and its People.
Alfred Moreland.
Scripture Biography.
England under Seven Administrations.
Hallam's Introduction to Literature vol 1.
Geological Report of Cornwall &c.
Kelleys Universal Cambist 4to.
Gils Blas 4 vols 8vo.
Low's Practical Agriculture.
Critic of Pure Reason 8vo.
Selections from Edinburgh Review.
Book of Thoughts.
Caswall's America and American Church.
Taylor's Works 8 vols 12 mo. &c &c &c
Received this day and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. No 134 Washington street. m 25

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

JAMES MUNROE & CO., in adddition to their large assortment of Juvenile Books have recently added the following.

The School Boy, by J. S. C. Abbot—Caleb in the Country, by do.—A visit to the Country, by Miss Cabot—Harry Winter—Instruction from Trees and Flowers—Rebecca Wilson—Arthur Lee and Tom Palmer—Leisure Hours—Young Lady's Aid—Young Man's Assistant—Moral Teacher, by Rev. A. B. Muzzey—Hoary Head—Alice Bradford—Shanty the Blacksmith—Village Boys—Ellen Clifford—Pastime of Learning—Simple Stories—Chronicles of a School Room—Childhood—Conversations.—Opie's Detraction displayed, &c. &c.

Clergymen and Teachers will find as good an assortment of Sunday School Books as is to be had in the city at fair prices, 134 Washington st.
m 25

THE MORAL TEACHER, by Rev. Mr Muzzey.—The Moral Teacher designed as a Class Book for the Common Schools in the United States of America, by a Clergyman.

Just published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington St.

FIRST BOOK for Sunday schools—an excellent manual for the younger classes in Sabbath schools, used in the school of the South Parish in Portsmouth, N. H.

Fresh supply at
m25 WEEKS, JORDAN & Co's.

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.—The Little Dove, by Krumacher
Little Dormy, or the Adventures of a Field Mouse
Uncle Thomas's Book of Shipwrecks for his little Nephews and Nieces, with engravings
Visit to the Country, by author of Happy Valley
Arthur Lee and Tom Palmer
The Warning, 2d edition, by author of Well Spent Hour
Happy Days, by author of Happy Valley
Together with a large assortment of all the popular Sunday school Books and Manuals for sale by
WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
m25 121 Washington street.

MARY HOWITT'S BIRDS AND FLOWERS, and other Country Things, one of the most delightful of her works, this day published by
m25 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

ALICE BRADFORD, or Experimental Religion, 2d edition.

This little work was written by the late Rev. Mr Goodwin who was the much esteemed and learned pastor of the Unitarian Church in Sandwich. It has has been reprinted in London, and favorably noticed, as will appear from the following extract from the Christian Pioneer.

"Some dozen of larger works might be mentioned which although devoted most especially to the elucidation of religious experience, vital godliness, fear and love, the new birth, or regeneration, the natural and spiritual state of man, and obtaining peace with God through Jesus Christ, would not repay the patient, laborious reader, with that clear and satisfactory view of these momentous topics, which is given in 'Alice Bradford.' Children may understand it, and men may derive from it instruction and profit."

Also—a few copies of A Letter to the Church and Society worshipping at the Pitts street Chapel, Dec. 31, 1838, by the Pastor, Rev. F. T. Gray.

Published and for sale by
S. G. SIMPKINS,
m25 Corner of Court and Brattle st.

VALUABLE THEOLOGICAL AND CLASSICAL WORKS. Watsons collection of Theological Tracts, 6 vols
Lightfoot's Works, edited throughout by The Rev. J. R Pitman 13 vols
Tillotson's Works 10 vols.
Bingham's Works 8 vols.
Vicisimus Knox's Works 7 vols.
The Works of William Tyndale and John Frith 3 vols
Hugs Introduction to the Writings of the New Testament, translated from the German by The Rev. D. G. Wait 2 vols
Cudworth's Intellectual System 1 vol
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Northfield, May, 1839.

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Cambridge, April 18*th*, 1838. n 24

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TO THE LADIES.

THE MISSES HUNT, FEMALE PHYSICIANS, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity, that they still continue to attend to all diseases, incident to the Female frame, at their resid

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THY WILL BE DONE.

What though life's bright and sunny sky,
Be darkly over cast!
What though the clouds that o'er us sleep
Break on our heads at last!
Still would we blend all prayers in one,
Father, thy holy will be done.

What though the harp we loved to hear,
Has breathed its last sweet strain!
What though departing friendship sighs,
We ne'er shall meet again,
Still would we bend before thy throne,
Father, thy holy will be done.

What though affection's music tones
Have ceased their gentle sway!
What though the eye that beamed with love,
Is coldly turned away!
Still would we trust in God alone,
Father, thy holy will be done.

What though Hope's star-light feebly burns,
Our wand'ring feet to guide!
What though the dark and silent grave,
Our fondest joys doth hide!
Still, with our prayers we'd humbly come
Father, thy holy will be done.

Thy will be done, in every breath
That wafts us o'er life's sea:
Thy will be done, when time recedes
Before eternity.
And when to Heaven we're welcomed home
Father, thy holy will be done.

Waltham, April 25th, 1839. L. B. T.

For the Register and Observer.

'THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.'

'For sure of all that in this mortal frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth seem,
Or that resembleth more the immortal flame
Of heavenly light, than beauty's glorious beam.'
Spenser.

'And the glorious beauty is become as the fading flower'. *Isaiah.*

'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God'.

There's beauty in the Iris hues
Reflected on the eastern sky,
When threat'ning clouds their blackness lose,
And angry winds have long passed by;
E'en while you gaze
In pleasing maze,
The gorgeous tints grow dim and die!

There's beauty in the vernal flower,
When first its petals wide expand,
To catch the dew drop or the shower,
And be by mildest zephyrs fanned;
That flower shall fade,
Ere evening's shade
O'er hill and vale resumes its power!

There's beauty in the colors bright,
Which deck the summer insect's wings,
When bursts the chrysalis to light,
And life exulting upward springs;
Ere closes day,
That insect gay
Shall cease its wanton flutterings!

There's beauty in the virgin blush,
That mantles o'er the cheek of youth,
When life retains its morning flush,
And every movement speaks the truth;
Alas! how soon
That blush is gone!
How soon we learn its voice to hush!

There's beauty in the laughing eye
Of maiden in her merry mood,
When banished are the tear and sigh,
And th' heart is darkened by no cloud;
But with the morrow
Comes bitter sorrow!
That maiden's garment is her shroud!

And must we always end the strain
That sings of 'glorious beauty's' praise,
With a lament and sad refrain,
Bewailing its fast fleeting days,
And while its dyes
Delight our eyes,
Behold them vanish from our gaze?

No! there's a beauty of the heart,
When all is pure and holy there,
Which new attractions will impart
To graceful gait and features fair:
And give a mien
Of peace serene,
To the uplifted eyes in prayer.

This is the beauty which shall live
And flourish in perennial bloom,
And to the immortal spirit give
Its crowning grace beyond the tomb;
'T will gild the vale
Of shadows pale,
And take from death its darkest gloom.
Providence. P. W. S.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SPRING.

I love to roam in early spring,
When warbling Birds begin to sing,
When buzzing insects round me hum,
On ev'ry breeze sweet odors come,
The hills rejoicing in the sun,
The brooks with gentle murmurs run,
From frog and insect, hark, the notes
Of cheerful music gently float.
On every patch of meadow green
Houstonia's* fading blue is seen,
And sweet Epigeat yields perfume
Where'er the pine tree casts its gloom;
I see on every hillock's side
Hepatica,† 'tis April's pride;
On ev'ry sluggish streamlet's bed,
Lo, Caltha‖ lifts her yellow head.

While thus my breast with pleasure swells,
A voice within me softly tells,
'These things will fade and die,
But there's a brighter world on high,
Where God his smile forever gives,—
The soul in bliss forever lives,—
Eternal spring forever reigns,—
And, freed from all their care and pains,
The blissful people in that land
Forever dwell at God's right hand,
With Jesus sweet comunion hold
And taste of happiness untold.
So use the things of earth and time,
That you at length may reach this clime;
Forsake your sins, watch, strive and pray,
At length t'enjoy eternal day.' T. H.

*May-flower, Innocence. †Creeping Laurel.
‡Noble Liverwort. ‖American Cowslip.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Jamaica Herald.]

ANECDOTE OE NEGRO GRATITUDE.

The widow of a considerable slave proprietor was called upon very soon after her husband's death, to relinquish the estate to his creditors. By the colonial custom, provision is made under the circumstance of a foreclosed mortgage, that the lady may retain two slaves for her attendance; these were selected and a day fixed for the sale of the rest. A man named Geoffry, who had been brought up by his late master to the trade of a cooper, fetched the sum of 200*l*.—Within a few weeks this gentleman called to acquaint the widow that her valuable cooper Geoffry had absconded, nor could his retreat be discovered.—With strict veracity she assured him that this man's proceedings were entirely without her cognizance, so that after advertising him in thorough anger, as 'a runaway slave,' his disappointed master had to learn the value of patience, instead of the price to be gained by Geoffry's labor.

About two years from this time as the lady was pacing her own piazza, she saw the shadow of a man's figure thrown on the brilliant moonbeam, and heard the voice of caution distinctly whisper, 'Missis—Marm—Geoffry has come home.'

'Where have you hid yourself from your owner so long, and do you not know it is disgraceful to be a runaway?'

'I run away from new massa, marm, because Geoffry no good black man if he beat; besides, dead massa's slave, no ebry body's slave.'

'But I cannot keep my people, you are aware; and your being a valuable workman, in the prime of life and strength, made the money you sold for of consequence to my children.'

The African drew up his manly figure with evident assent to this view of his worth, and bowing low to the former proprietor, he took out of a grass basket several small bags and placed them on the floor.

'Missis, please to count, she find the money Geoffry sold for, in doubloon and dollar—all true.' There was the precise sum of 200*l* sterling; pushing it toward her, and then clasping both hands with the entreaty of supplication—'Now missis lady you will buy me again, and I work cooper's work for his children who kind to Geoffry.'

'But suppose I do redeem you with this money, I am afraid you came by it in no right way.'

The culprit hung his head, as if rather perplexed how the truth would be received; but he sided closer to her ear, with his head still down, and looking round so as to meet her eye with the triumphant slyness of his own, in a voice of drollery and secresy, he confessed to have been with the Maroons.

'Misses know they way at night—Geoffry do so too.'—He dismissed his air of mystery, and sprang back with a caper, which would not have have been unworthy of a plaudit at Astley's.

'In short, Geoffry, you have been robbing the properties.'

'Missis please to say so'—making a profound bow of acquiescence to judgment which might be wiser, but was certainly not his view of the case.

'Missis believe Geoffry,' standing in an attitude of elocution, and pleading earnestly—'Missis believe Geoffry, he never took the worth of a cold yam from good man's estate, who work slave only like poor negro; not work and curse, and beat like dog.'

'Do you not remember you will receive forty lashes as a returned runaway, when you present yourself?'

'I not forget, and I ready to take them marm.'

The devoted creature pulled his shoulders forward, and fixed himself as if rigidly set to receive the stripes.

'Geoffry take flogging for kind massa, who never beat him, and go to work hearty to earn money for dead husband, and mother of many piccaninies.

He was redeemed with the loan of his own equivocal earnings, the punishment was of course remitted, and when the principal was received with interest, Geoffry received the gift of freedom. But his wife and family were not manumitted, and he worked out their ransom with persevering integrity.

The moral condition of a slave population may promise the inquirer only an acurate knowledge of desolate reckless hearts and faculties: but as in the sandy desert—'there are springs that may be won'—so, in the mental waste, the scene is not totally blasted. By Geoffry's humble grave we may sit down and think of estimable motives and warm affections, and recollect that these beautiful proofs of man's high endowments, and influential life, were as much meant for an example and a blessing as the most cultured exhibition of human character.

MANUFACTORY OF PINS.

Mr. Editor:—On a visit to Derby some weeks since, I had the pleasure of inspecting the Pin Manufactory of Dr. Howe. The apparatus by which the Pins are made is a new invention of the Doctor, and is one of the most ingenious and beautiful pieces of mechanism in the whole circle of the arts. It is impossible for me to give you any adequate description of it.—Those who have any fondness for mechanical ingenuity must see it for themselves. Generally, I may state, that the wire from which the pins are to be made is passed in at one end of the machine, cut into the requisite lengths, and passed from point to point till the pins are headed, ground, and fitted for the process of silvering and putting up.—The whole operation may be distinctly seen, and as one pair of forceps hands the pin along to its neighbor, it is difficult to believe that the machine itself is not an intelligent being. The pins are all of one solid piece of wire, and possess an advantage in this respect over those in which the head is wound on, and thus liable to come off, often to the great inconvenience of tender fingers. The process is exceedingly rapid. I think Dr. Howe informed me that one machine would make 17,000 pins in 11 hours; and a new machine, which he had just put into operation, would make 27,000 in the same time! formerly it required several men to make one pin—one to head it, one to point, &c,—and then only a few thousand could be made in a day; but one man will superintend twelve of these machines, and, at the lowest estimate, manufacture 200,000 pins daily!

This establishment is in a new and beautiful village, which they call Birmingham, after the Birmingham of England, I suppose, as it appears to be distinguished for the manufacture of 'hard ware,' such as augers, nails, sheet iron and copper, and a variety of other articles, mostly of a superior quality. You have a handsome view of the village, just as you enter the town of Derby from New-Haven, thrown in between the hills, and taken in connection with the surrounding scenery, constituting one of those romantic and cheerful prospects which so often delight us in passing over the rugged surface of New England.—*New Haven Record.*

[From the Southern Christian Sentinel.]

TEMPERANCE SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY A SOUTHERN PHYSICIAN.

The sorrows which nature imposes on the human race are great, but those which are produced by man himself, are far greater. The former, are the result of 'man's first disobedience,' but the latter, originate within himself, and but shadow forth the malignity of his depraved heart. The mighty tempest—the withering drought— the terrific earthquake, and the pestilence that walketh in darkness,' are beyond human agency or control. We cannot say to the storm 'peace—be still'—we cannot open the windows of Heaven that there may be rain,—we cannot bid the trembling earth cease its heavings,—we cannot arrest the 'Angel of Death' in his onward flight. These, are the prerogatives of God, and when his judgments are abroad, who can stay the hand that executes them? Among all the sources of misery and corruption, none, perhaps, have been so destructive in their consequences, or given rise to such a train of evils, as Intemperance; and here, in a peculiar manner is enforced the truth of our position, that the calamities which are engendered by man's own heart, are greater than those which befall him in the ordinary operations of Divine Providence. 'Who, says the wise man, 'hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine—they that go to seek mixed wine!' What truth can be more apparent than this, even if we had not the testimony of inspiration to attest its verity? Walk about our streets—go abroad through the length and breadth of our land—mark the habitations of degraded and squalid poverty—survey the tottering remnants of humanity—behold the waste and prostration of mind—the decaying fragments of noble intellect—the once happy homes shrouded in sackcloth—the hearth deserted of affection's smile and social joys—occupied by the demon of inebriety and guilt, and say, whence cometh all this? Are these the inavertable judgments of God? Are these the chastenings which cannot be avoided? No! they are begotten in man's own soul, and flow from the cauldrons and alembics of his own invention. Human authority is here invested with the mandate, 'thus far shalt thou come and no farther; here shall thy proud waves, the waves of ruin and intemperance, be stayed.' The perpetuity therefere, of so great an evil, is a crime for which man, and man alone is responsible. He possesses the power to annul it; he can arrest its ravages, and if he does not do it, he is eminently culpable before God, and angels, and men. But it is not our design to pursue this argument; it is too apparent to require any further demonstration, being one of those self-evident propositions, the simple statement of which, carries conviction to every sober and reflecting mind. Our aim in these sketches will be, in a variety of short narratives, to pourtray the effects of intemperance on individual, social, and public character. We shall not resort to fiction either for persons or events; we could not, in the wildest fancy, call up such forms, or give birth to such scenes, as real life daily presents us in the department of iniquity. Here, truly, 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' and the passing circumstances of to-day, could they be recorded, would present an array of crime, at which the most fertile imagination and the most inventive fancy would shrink back with incredulity. We purpose to detail only real scenes, and actual occurrences, and generally, shall speak of that only which has fallen under our own observation in an extensive acquaintance with men and things, throughout our own, and other countries. 'We speak what we do know, we testify what we have seen,' and your own experiences will bear witness as to the fidelity of our sketches.

We were leaning one night, as usual, on the capstan head, talking of our distant friends, and distant home, while the good ship was ploughing the sea, spotted over with the green and spicy islands of the Moluccas' group, when Mr F ——, my fellow passenger, asked me if I knew S— D—; I answered, yes, that I was formerly quite intimate with him. 'Do you know any thing of his recent history?' inquired he. I replied that I did not, as it was several years since I had seen him; but that the occasional reports which caught my ear, were very unfavorable, as to his moral character. 'Those' said Mr F—'are too true. While standing on the mole in Callao (Peru, S. A.) last April, waiting for our boat, I saw a party of sailors issue from one of the Pulperias, headed by a young man, who seemed little less intoxicated than his companions. As he advanced towards me, I thought I recognized some of his features, but had hardly time to confirm the monitions of memory, ere he ran up, seized my hand, and demanded if I had forgotten Sam D—. I was astonished, continued Mr F. to find that the reeling sailor, in whom I expected to meet no other than one perhaps of a former crew, who being half seas over, had been emboldened to claim me as an acquaintance before his swaggering comrades, was the elegant, and educated S— D—. I had only a few minutes conversation with him, but learned that he was one of the boat steerers in the whale ship L ——, then lying in the harbor. 'Did you know any thing of his conduct previous to your leaving home,' I asked, 'that would warrant such results?' 'I knew that he had become very dissipated; had relinquished his studies; had gone home frequently intoxicated; insulted his sisters; and once threatened the life of his father,—but I know not what course had been pursued with him, or where he had gone. His personal appearance,' said F—, 'was very dirty and offensive. The filth on his clothes being about equally divided between blubber, mud and tar. His hair was long and matted, his eye wild and rolling, his cheek sunken, his mouth filled with tobacco, and his unshorn beard, and half opened bosom, completed his external appearance. I felt shocked to see him in such a plight, but he appeared to care for nought, and left me full of glee, singing out to his companions, 'Heave ahead merrily boys, we'll soon clap the clinker alongside the old Barkee, and then, hurrah! for a Nantucket sleigh-ride.' If *I* was moved with sorrow while my friend was detailing this scene, what think you must have been the feelings of his father, to know that his son, so handsome, so intelligent, so fitted to adorn his family, and reflect honor on his hoary head, was a thus necessary exile from his paternal roof, with hardly a prospect of repentance or reform. How must that father have felt as he gathered his children around the altar of evening sacrifice, to find one absent,—the child of his prayers—the child of a mother's melting tears, wandering, he knew not where, and exposed to the multiform temptations and death, which thronged around his path.

His father was a wealthy man—he lived in elegant style—mingled in refined society—was a conspicuous member of the church of Christ, and his benevolence and charity had often caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. The early education of S. D. had been strictly guarded, and the principles of our holy religion early instilled into his mind. Surrounded by sisters and brothers—sisters whose affectionate hearts yearned over his early aberrations, and who strove by all the charms and endearments of that sacred relation, to win him back to the path of rectitude;—and brothers, who by their upright conduct, set an example of honor and integrity, how was it with all these guards, he wandered so far astray, and preferred the filthiness of the forecastle, and the drunkeness of the dram shop, to the delights of home, and the privileges of the fire-side circle? It was love of wine which first drew him aside from sobriety and virtue; and following up one scene of dissipation after another, excess upon excess, he rendered his banishment from his father's house a necessary restriction, and he was sent abroad, in the hope that his new, and trying situation, would excite penitent reflections, while an absence from the exciting cause of his ruin, might wean him from its circean charm. Vain hope! instead of suppressing, it only fanned the flame of desire into a greater glow, and being superior in rank and education to his messmates, it rendered him the more conspicuous in his fall and degradation.

Nearly two years after this, I was invited by my friend Dr. P. to visit with him the criminal institution then under his medical charge. As we drove into the spacious enclosure, we met a gang of convicts, in their parti-colored dress, proceeding to dinner. The question Mr F. had asked me in the eastern hemisphere was again put to me by Dr. P. 'Do you know young D.?' I answered, yes.—'There he is,' said the Doctor, pointing to one of the criminals near the close of the dismal procession. What! said I, in momentary amaze, for in his peculiar garb, and care-worn countenance, I had not recognized my former playmate; what! S. D., the son of —— ——? 'The same, the same.' And his poor father, said I, (for his mother had long since pined away, and died, in anguish and sorrow for her wayward son) how does he bear it? 'It has almost broken him; and were it not for the consolation he derives from his other children, it would soon 'bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.' What was he incarcerated for, I inquired. 'For a complication of crimes, and misdemeanors; and this being,' continued the Doctor, 'the second period of his confinement, he feels its increased severity and discipline.' Yes! there was my early friend S. D. Who that had listened to his juvenile lispings in the Sabbath School, and the domestic circle, would have thought that ere the age of twenty-two, he would be the inmate of a prison, and the disinherited of his father! Have you had him on your sick list yet, Doctor? 'Yes, twice, and diseases, even of a mild character, seize him with a giant's grasp. His constitution is shattered by drinking and dissipation, and I fear another attack would lay him in the grave.

I have seen the stately ship, in all the pride of majestic beauty, careering nobly on her homeward course. Night came on—a storm crept over the deep—and when the morning sun revealed her situation she was a wreck,—her towering masts were gone—her sails dragging by her side, and in her crippled and sinking state, she was obliged to bear up for the nearest port, to repair her damages, and renew her strength. The youthful promise of S. D., was like that ship. His first departure from temperance, the gloomy night, his reckless inebriety and dissipation, the destructive storm, and his prison, the port of refuge, where penitence and contemplation, could alone refit his frail bark, and prepare him for another and more successful voyage.

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